

## SONG OF THE WHEELS

Wheels of the prairie are singing to me . . .  
Chuckling wheels, in a symphony . . .

Wheels as they munch on a buffalo bone . . .  
Then take up the trail through the vast unknown.

Tired and hungry, aching wheels,  
Winding the miles on their axle-reels.

Sad wood winds, like a lone tree sighing  
Under its load . . . the just one dying . . .  
Dying! But never to foul the grave . . .  
And a new note rises strong and brave!

Wheels that carve in the stony face  
Of a giant mountain the time and place  
When courage passed over in wagon trains . . .  
A wagon wheel marks the last remains  
Of one too weary to carry on,  
And a choir of wheels chants a funeral song.

Wheels that chime with a wedding tune;  
Wheels that muster a staunch platoon;  
Marching wheels, with a martial beat;  
Tinkling wheels for dancing feet;  
Wheels that echo the wild wolfe's cry;  
Soft wheels humming a lullaby . . .

"Song of the righteous . . . a prayer unto me . . ."  
Father, accept of this symphony.

Ora Pate Stewart

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